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A Day in June.

And what is so rare as a day in June ?

Then, if ever, come perfect days :

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays :

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of life may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;

The cowslip startles in meadows green,

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Attilike a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives ;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —

In the nice ear of nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebb'd away

Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,

Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,

We are happy now because God wills it ;

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That skies are clear and grass is growing ;

The breeze comes whispering in our ear,

That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,

That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;

And if the breeze kept the good news back,

For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by your heifer's lowing —

And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,

Warmed with the new wine of the year,

Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;

Everything is happy now,

Everything is upward striving ;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true

As for grass to be green or skies to be blue —

'Tis the natural way of living :

Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake ;

And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;

The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woo

Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,

Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE OPERA IN ITALY.—An attempt is being made to revive the fortunes of opera at Naples and Milan. In the latter city, a new opera by Maestro Pedrotti, *Guerra in quattro*, is to be played during the spring.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Charlatanism in Music.

III.

THE MUSICAL FANATIC, OR THE COMPOSER-PIANIST.—SKETCHED BY BENDA.

The subject of this sketch may be compared to the charlatans in religion ; those saints, who keep their eyes continually turned up to heaven, supposing themselves to be the very essence of christianity, while their hearts are full of hatred and ill-will towards their fellow-men. And if you call their attention to the fact that all their pious demonstrations are of no use so long as they daily violate that commandment, which bids us love our neighbor as ourself ; if you remind them that the doors of the heavenly kingdom shall not open for those who have no love or charity, or, still better if you are bold enough frankly to tell them that they are just the opposite of what in their immeasurable self-conceit they pretend to be ; then these charlatans will grow pale with astonishment that you dare to smite them with such language. But you are much mistaken, if you suppose that you have in the least shaken their confidence in their superior worth. Nay, if the eloquence of all the world united should try to convince them of their error they would not believe it. They no saints ? They pretenders, charlatans, quacks, fanatics ? Ridiculous, absurd, malicious !

So our hero may call it absurd, or malicious, that we count him among the charlatans in music. He considers himself such a model of musical excellence, such a pattern of artistic purity and integrity ! And, indeed, he is regarded so not only by himself, but by many others, who are too inexperienced in musical matters to know what title he has to such lofty pretensions. He loves to style himself a *composer pianist* ; but he is neither a composer nor a pianist ; he is a little of both, although his talent for composition exceeds in some measure his qualifications for a performer. If, first, we regard him as a pianist we find that his execution is stiff and inelegant. He may know how a piece should be played, but his fingers do not obey him, and his listeners are frequently obliged to "take the will for the deed." He essentially lacks that confidence, freedom and boldness, which are among the first manifestations of a born player. Even his own compositions sound harsh and clumsy under his fingers, if he manages to go through them without actual blunders, that are likely to happen every moment. In the works of the older masters up to Beethoven he has the freak of never employing the pedal, however much their effect might be improved thereby. He also keeps in his study an old clavichord, which he uses exclusively for the works of Sebastian Bach, presuming that the great master himself never played but on such an instrument and that, therefore, the true power of his music cannot be realized through a pianoforte. His culture, taste, sentiment and expression, according to his own estimation, are of

such a high order that all must be enchanted, who are fortunate enough to hear him. This illusion and the wish to play before a select audience prompt him to fix the price of admission ridiculously high when he gives a concert, which for the sake of honor and reputation he thinks necessary once or twice every year ; and when, naturally, his auditors appear in so select a number that it is difficult, even with lantern in hand, to find them out among all the empty seats, he begins to complain of the indifference, bad taste, want of appreciation and so forth, that characterize the community where he resides. As he has not the means of engaging first-class performers to assist him he calls in for his aids some of the third-rate singers who abound in every town and are the bane of the public. The pieces which make up his programme are mostly such as any advanced amateur may play for himself at home. From principle he never performs the work of a composer still living, except himself. We see then how much cause he has for his lamentations respecting the indifference of the public.

Now, sir, if you are resolved to test the sympathy of the music-lovers ; if you wish for a select, but numerous audience ; or if you desire to know, who is to be blamed for the empty seats at your concerts,—why don't you give us pieces, which are too difficult and too rare to be accessible to ordinary players, and to hear which every true friend of art would gladly pay a high price, even higher than it is your pleasure to charge ? The reason why "he don't" will easily occur to every one ; it is because "he can't."

Regarded as a composer we find his style to be dry and pedantic, scrupulously squared and pruned. He strictly observes every rule, never permitting himself the most harmless license. His orchestration is thin and meagre ; he is always afraid of overdoing the matter, and therefore, rarely avails himself of all means at his command. This he does in part on the authority of Mozart and other masters of the past who likewise (but for better reasons) did not always employ the whole body of instruments, which constitute the orchestra. Authority, tradition, conventionalism—these are among the chief forces which guide the fanatic in his creations. It is of significance, in order to obtain a just conception of the man, to know that he never attempts to write an opera, because he deems it profane. He thinks it also profane to compose a dance, though he almost weeps with joy at those little Minuets, that are to be found in the smaller Symphonies, Quartets and Sonatas of Haydn and some of his contemporaries, and which in reality are nothing but dances, many of them as light, or as frivolous, if you will, as ever a waltz was. The same principle he carries out as a teacher. We need hardly say that he supports himself by giving lessons. His scholars are not permitted to play anything that bears the name of Quadrille, Waltz, Polka or Galop, though he does not scruple to give them plenty of such as rejoice in the

title of Fandango, Siciliano, Bolero, Tarantella and so forth. But we will not subject him to any criticism in his capacity as a teacher; he don't pretend to be one; he only—as he has it—*gives instruction*. Yet, notwithstanding, he considers himself the sole person competent to teach and seizes every opportunity of slandering all others engaged in that profession.

We have now viewed the fanatic as both a player and a composer, and my impartial readers may judge for themselves, if it be absurd or malicious to class him among the charlatans. But, we have not done with him yet; he shall not so easily escape our fangs; full justice shall be meted out to him. We have yet to consider more particularly how far in his life and dealings with his fellow-men he realizes the object of true art, of which he believes himself so superior an exponent. If neither his playing nor his compositions gave promise of his ability to represent the beautiful in a beautiful manner, we can hardly expect that the man should redeem the musician. With such beings life and art are so closely united that they must be considered as one. It is an established fact that no where are to be found instances of such passionate devotedness to the chosen vocation as in music; and in consequence no other artist is so likely to become a fanatic as the musician. So we may say of our hero that the man is completely merged in the artist; as is the latter so is the former; nay, he is no man at all, he is merely a musician. His love for the art knows no bounds; he considers it the only occupation compatible with the dignity of man. Accordingly, he looks upon all outsiders with a kind of scornful pity; especially on all bankers, brokers, jobbers, dealers, traders, farmers and other innocent people whose occupation is more prosaic, more substantial and material than his. It is, however, a mistake to infer from this that he regards those belonging to his own craft with a milder view. He is rarely on friendly terms with his fellow artists; because weighed in his balance they are all too light, not solid, not orthodox, not classical enough. Neither does his selfishness permit him to take any interest in the musical doings of the community where he resides, except so far as he can become the centre thereof. Without him any enterprise is likely to go the wrong way. He disparages every man and every thing. For the classical composers alone, for Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart and the earlier Beethoven his love and admiration know no bounds, and he is proud of it. You just try to engage him in a conversation about these composers and you will hear in what a torrent of superlatives he gives vent to his enthusiasm. If you are not completely overwhelmed by the force of his speech it is because his mouth is too full and one word chokes another. He will give you by the way to understand that he has some claim to be heard, since none can love, understand or appreciate those masters better than himself, being a somewhat kindred genius. Should you be able to silence him for a moment in order to ask him what he thinks of Berlioz, Wagner, Liszt, and their followers,—your question will immediately be answered by a counter-torrent of invectives, which will sweep these men clean of the last marks of honor and respectability and leave them bold adventurers, pretenders or charlatans. He means to persecute them till his last breath and

to whatever extent his small influence may permit him. He can never forgive them that they dared to shake the sacred ground of tradition and authority and set up a theory of their own. Take heed that he does not suspect you to be yourself among the admirers of those musical reformers; he would speedily turn upon you and give you what he thinks his duty; friend, or foe, it matters little when his fanaticism is roused. In general his tirades are harmless, for, if you permit him to speak out all he has to say, he feels easy after such an outburst and goes on his way, rejoicing as before in his own superiority. It sometimes happens that a deluded critic becomes so interested in him as to advocate his cause publicly, or that he himself ascends the editorial chair,—then his narrow, illiberal views and notions may cause much damage to the art and artists of the community in which he lives. It has happened in cities whose size, situation, social institutions, and so forth, peculiarly favored fanaticism, that all enlightened musicians have been driven out, while the fanatic and his crew kept their black and white colors victoriously waving amidst the vehement applause of the sour-faced inhabitants. However, these cases are rare; he seldom attains to such importance as to become the leader of a party; generally he is too shy, too timid; he loves to walk in silence and commit secretly whatever mischief his supposed duties prompt him. Sometimes he professes a total indifference to everything beyond his own dear self. It is then that he boasts of never reading a newspaper or any other paper relating to art and science, those treating of musical matters not excepted. The latter he is afraid might contain something about himself, which, when read, would perhaps tend to perplex him or make him falter in his righteous course. But this is not the chief reason; there is a more substantial one. Who is there that presumes to know more about music than Mr. Fanaticus? Who dares venture to suppose he could teach Mr. Arrogance? Now, it is plain, if he subscribed to such a paper he might be suspected of keeping it merely in order to learn from it. He knows what he is about.

It might perhaps be expecting too much of such a narrow-minded, short-sighted being, though he thrice blessed himself every morning on opening his eyes that he is an artist—to suppose he should know that an artist should, in his appearance manifest taste and expression, the cultivation of which in music he has made the purpose of his life. The fanatic is utterly ignorant of this fact. His manners are blunt, awkward, nay, boorish; his dress is shabby and always anticipates the coming fashion by ten years. He gives as an excuse that it is the prerogative of genius to set fashion and etiquette at defiance. Yet it would be a mistake to fancy that he is not vain and that he does not with much satisfaction behold his own profile; that would be entirely inconsistent with his love of self. When he is to appear before the public at his concerts he takes much pains to ornament himself tastefully, as he imagines; and even several days in advance he devotes some minutes every time to practicing the bow or obeisance before a glass; yet when the time for exhibition comes he cuts the same sorry figure as before. His body is not an agile one. He is on the whole averse to locomotion. You may be sure to find him ten years hence occupying the same rooms in which he now lives.

The home of the musical fanatic, I will state in conclusion, is in all countries where the climate is ungenial and life laborious. Thus, while he thrives well in the Northern States of the American Union, in England, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, &c., he begins to dwindle in France and farther south, as in Italy and Spain, disappears altogether. A certain degree of culture in the more serious kinds of music is necessary for a country, which may pretend to favor his growth. Strictly speaking he is a product of the very laudatory movement to establish the art in her purest and highest forms; but a mishapen product, an excrescence, which in our days—alas!—is multiplying to an alarming extent.

W. A. Mozart.

BY OTTO JAHN.—(FOURTH PART.)

(From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.)

II.

(Continued from page 76)

The Fourth Part embraces the second half of the history of the last ten years of Mozart's life (1781—1791), the period during which his genius produced his greatest creations, which have rendered him immortal. It contains the sections from 12 to 25 of the Fourth Book, the first eleven comprising the contents of the third volume of this work. While the latter treat mostly of Mozart's material circumstances, the historical element is thrown more into the background in Book Four, since, except the account of two professional journeys—to Berlin and to Frankfurt-on-the-Maine—only the moving narrative of Mozart's death and its immediate consequences belong to the biographical portion, properly so called; while the analysis of his works, on the contrary, together with the most careful accounts of their production, carrying out, &c., take up most of Volume Four, which is the thickest of all, containing 748 pages of text, 40 pages of appendix, a complete catalogue of names and facts, 16 pages of supplementary notes, and a portrait of Mozart, after a picture painted in Verona in 1770, when he was fourteen years of age.

The mere comprehensiveness of the list gives us a foretaste of the rich contents of the last volume; a cursory sketch will teach the reader what he has to expect, and what he will find carried out in a manner which, from beginning to end, attracts, fascinates and instructs.

The first three sections (from 12 to 14 inclusive) show us Mozart as a pianoforte player and composer of instrumental music. Section 12 discusses his works for the piano, the variations, rondos, fantasias, sonatas for the pianoforte alone, and with violin accompaniment, the trios, the quartets, and the quintet (in E flat), as well as the concertos. In the catalogue of the latter, pp. 51 and 52, we find the concerto for two pianos (printed in Offenbach, by J. André, as Op. 73, *Edition faite d'après la Partition en Manuscrit*), but not with the orchestra (quartet, two oboes, two horns, two bassoons), which is not mentioned either in any part of text.

In relation to the concertos, the author brings prominently forward services rendered by Mozart towards the combination of the orchestra and the solo instrument into one whole, as eventually, and in the received form, creating something new, and shows how the orchestra has full symphonic justice done it, not merely in the *tutti* movements, but as continually introduced into the piano part, also participating directly in it. "An art of blending all the various kinds of sounds in the orchestra, which at once proves an uncommonly fine sense, supported by the most accurate knowledge of instrumental effects, for what is harmonious." "The happy nation," the author observes further on, "in the close combination of the various instrumental resources into one whole is so completely successful, that in this particular Beethoven, who made an especial study of Mozart's pianoforte concertos, as every one who knows them at all thoroughly will easily

perceive, has not, in any essential point, gone further; the higher importance of his grand pianoforte concertos has another foundation. It is true that, with Mozart, there was something more than the mere delicately-fostered sense for the appropriate mixtures of the various kinds of sound; the invention, treatment, and distribution of the motives were conditional on the nature of the means for their manifestation; it was necessary in the first sketch that the different resources should be well considered, if they were to have justice done them in the mode in which they were carried out; even in the bud, the various motives must have been endowed with the faculty of free development under various conditions. The result is a race between different agents, the orchestra and the pianoforte—and the principal charm of those concertos rests upon the lively interworking of the opposite elements, by means of which process the separate motives, as if under an ever changing light, are grouped into a rich and brilliant picture."

It is very correctly remarked—that Mozart's concertos require, "besides a clear and song-like execution, especially of the melodies, which are often greatly spun out," "the calm, steady" hand, which "causes the" roudades (*Passagen*) "to flow like oil." Nearly all his roudades depend upon the scale and the broken chords. His aim was not a number of notes (he purposely rejected runs of octaves, sixths and thirds), nor any kind of mass-like effect, but clearness and perspicuity. At any rate, the clear unfolding of the peculiarities of the piano, in contradistinction to the orchestra, was the right way to the development of technical skill on the piano."

"But the principal importance of the concertos lies in their musical purport. In their conceptions and treatment, they exhibit great dash and perfect freedom: it is clear that it was not only the greater and more important means which called forth a corresponding degree of mental activity, but that Mozart felt the more pleasure in giving free scope to his powers, because he used to perform these compositions himself. The fact of their being concertos, destined to produce an instantaneous impression on the public, explains, also, why he allowed himself more liberty here than anywhere else in the employment of strongly exciting means of expression, and it is a very characteristic trait, that he endeavors to produce this effect, not by *virtuoso*-like effects, on the piano, but by the increased charm of musical expression."

Section 13 treats at length of the violin quartets and quintets. The author has already spoken, in Vol. III., of Mozart's relations towards Joseph Haydn, from which, as a sign of the highest respect, sprang the dedication of the first six quartets to that master. These belong to those compositions which Mozart wrote, without any immediate external cause, not to order, but for his own satisfaction. Jahn first enters on the essential elements of the quartet—as he does afterwards of the quartet generally—and on the peculiarities of these compositions of Mozart for chamber-music. Without subjecting them singly to a strict analysis, he gives us, in general touches, an excellent and characteristic account of them. It is only the C major quartet and the G minor quintet that he discusses at any length. The difference in style between the last four quartets (especially of three of them, written for Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia) and of the first six is, also, charmingly described.

Especially welcome is all that is said concerning the quintets. We are delighted that Jahn stands up for these magnificent compositions, explains their character—which is different from the last quartets, and approximates again to the style of the first six—and describes their beauties. It is an indisputable fact that Mozart's quintets are too much neglected in the public quartet associations which nearly every town of note possesses. It is true that the signal was given by a great composer of the modern school, who always used to leave the room when one of Mozart's quintets began. This is partly true even of the quartets, for how many lovers of music are there at present who have

heard—not once, perhaps, but frequently—all the ten written by Mozart? We hope, too, that the eulogy which Jahn pronounces, which is but the echo of our own sentiments, on the grand trio on E flat major, for violin, viol., and violoncello, will direct the attention of associations for chamber-music to the gem of its kind. He justly calls it, "one of the most wonderful of Mozart's works, a genuine cabinet specimen of chamber music." (Page 94).

Well worthy our consideration is the analysis of the G minor quintet, containing the expression "of a passionately excited frame of mind, of grief conscious only of itself, and of a struggle of the heart with it, changing, in the finale, to the opposite mood (a gushing dithyrambus), which, however, belongs to the same nature, that is rendered with perfect fidelity and truth." Hereupon we read, at page 103.

"Involuntarily, with such physiological development, we seek the man in the artist, and who can deny that the most evident marks of Mozart's own nature are impressed on the work of Art? If however, we tried to find a definite inducement in his immediate circumstances, for its production, we should most certainly be led astray. Mozart's circumstances were at that time (1787), generally speaking, good. He had not long returned, richly rewarded with success and money, from Prague and in the Jacquin family enjoyed the society of those who satisfied both his mind and his heart. It is true that, shortly afterwards (26th May), he lost his father, but whoever carefully weighs the letter he wrote his father on the 4th of April, at the thought of the possibility of death (III., p. 279)—at the same time he was engaged on the first quintet in C major—must own that the tone of the G minor quartet could not be suggested by the thought of a dying father. The springs of artistic creation flow too far below the surface to be immediately called forth by every emotion in common life. It is true that the artist can give no more than what is in him, and what he has himself gone through; but even of the musician does Goethe's assertion hold good, that in a work of art there is nothing which the artist has not experienced, *only not as he has experienced it*."

"A second question now forces itself upon us: Does a piece of music which, like this one, unrolls before us a true *soul-painting*, follows the course of psychological development with the strictest consistency, and exhibits sharply and characteristically the tottering emotion of passionate sensations in the most delicate touches—does, we repeat, a piece of music like this *obey also the formulas and laws of musical construction and technics*? Without doubt, any one who chooses to disregard entirely the psychological development can show, by a purely technical analysis, how this quintet, which constrainedly obeys the conditions of musically beautiful form, by the most uncommon combination of invention and discernment, reaches a high degree of formal perfection, and whoever follows these indications will become aware that both the truth and strength of the psychological development, and the purity and beauty of the artistic form, *coincide, and are one and the same in their essential manifestations*."

Lastly, in this section, the author treats in a similar manner the composition for reed-bands (*Harmonie-Musik*) and the seven symphonies which Mozart wrote in Vienna. Concerning the improvement of the orchestra by Mozart, concerning his contrapuntal art, as a free phenomenon of artistic beauty and concerning the union of this art with the free employment of the various kinds of sound, the author says much that is very excellent and characteristic of Mozart's genius. In the fact that the three grand and symphonies in E flat major, G minor and C major (with the fugue), were written within six weeks (from the end of June to the 10th of August, 1788), and, though equally rich and equally profound in purport, are yet most different in their character, Jahn justly perceives a fresh proof: "that, amidst the most manifold impressions of life, the artist's soul is always laboring and producing, while, in secret, the threads

of which the work of art is woven are continually and mysteriously converging."

The Development of the Musical Faculties.

We must have recognized that nature has given musical capabilities to most individuals; but that these powers and susceptibilities exist in the most manifold variety of gradations. The germ of these faculties, like that of all our other powers is strengthened and unfolded by all the appearances and impressions of the outer world on us, from the moment of our birth; and when placed at the disposal of the instructor, it has already undergone a certain degree of expansion from the unconscious tuition of daily experience.

The development of the musical faculties, however, as far as regards the meaning of sounds, labors under disadvantages, particularly in northern climates, from which our other faculties are comparatively free. The most pressing wants and constantly urging requirements of life, call chiefly into action that other spiritual sense, the eye, in combination with the understanding. The child learns to distinguish earlier by the eye than the ear; while its understanding is almost incessantly employed in seizing the significance of sounds, as indicative of the objects of sense by which it is surrounded, rather than the meaning of sound in any musical relationship; a kind of affinity, which to the uneducated ear remains, perhaps, through life unknown. The musical element has less occasion to be exhibited by us more silent Germans, than among our southern and western neighbors. It is, nevertheless, as deeply significant, well defined, and powerful in our language, even as in the Italian, which, indeed, can claim superiority only in some degree of clearness, and an old prejudice in its favor.

Long continued neglect and suppression, indeed, of musical qualifications, are much to be lamented: more particularly during musical education itself, when such neglect operates most severely. Parents and teachers are more apt to complain of the want of disposition in their pupils, than to seek in themselves the cause of that deficiency. Only when the delays and the misapprehensions shall be attacked on all sides, and overcome, will our conviction be complete, that the musical qualifications given to most men are much more considerable than is generally believed.

OF THE TIME PREVIOUS TO LEARNING.

This period requires domestic care and solicitude, as a preparation for the directing hand of the master; and here it is, that the mother, as monitor of the awakening senses of her child, is called upon to exercise the budding susceptibilities on salutary objects, and shield their tender impressiveness from violent and distracting sensations. Certain determined sounds have an incalculable and lasting effect on the infant mind and senses, when presented to them without constraint or obvious intention. The pure sound of a little bell, the combined sounds of two or three glasses, producing, for example, *c—g*, and then *g—d—b*, the contrast of high clear sounds and low murmurings are best calculated to affect the infant perceptions. It can easily be imagined, how at a later period, listening to the rolling thunder, to the whispering and rustling of the evening breeze, to the murmuring brook, to the moan of the impending storm, to the warbling of the nightingale, may penetrate into, and influence the yearnings and aspirations of fresh youthful existence, wherein are imbedded those bright germs of thought, whose future expansion and manifestation are exhibited in the high productions of genius, at once the glory and the despair of each succeeding age! But how many circumstances conspire to disturb, counteract, and disenchant these beautiful and fructifying moments of early youth, particularly in large cities! How necessary is help, where nature cannot be left alone! How harassing and destructive, while the precious moments of culture are so few, that the delicate and tender perceptions should be jarred by the harsh rolling of the streets, the

deafening crash of brazen bands, and the rough growl of drums; that their fine organizations should be either rent or palsied by coarseness or force, while yet scarcely awake to their legitimate functions! Let, therefore, every mother who has a perception of the charms of music, and of its civilizing influence, weigh well the importance of the early education of the senses. Her simple song, in which perhaps the infant voice is blended is the most natural, and often the most fruitful lesson. A march of the most simple melody, and merely drum rhythm, which the boy and his father perform together, round about in their apartment, inspires more delight and feeling of measure, than many a half-year's instruction. If by great good fortune the tender ear of childhood should be indulged with the delicious enchantment of an opera, the few enraptured hours thus spent may cast a broad and glowing beam of sunshine to the latest days of life. For such an initiation we could wish every child to enjoy the dear old, but ever fresh and young *Zauberflöte*, that child's fairy play, which Mozart has immortalized with the power of prolonging and reproducing all our lives the earliest and most innocent blossoms of youthful delight. In this play, congenial childhood enters with the sweetest self-devotion into the wondrous and inconceivable passions of maturer age, and is carried away at last to the perception of the truth, to the dreaded dagger; but, with such guileless purity, such forgetfulness of self, that the star flaming queen can scarcely be reproached when she rises delicately, and without effort, in melting harmonies, from the midst of her sufferings. On the other hand, we would withhold from the young sensations, the old and revived operas of mere show and exaggerated effect; and more especially those prosaic representations of ordinary life, in which the music sinks with its subject into mere triviality and nothingness. In like manner we would spare our young pupils the infliction of chamber or social music, which in general they do not understand; and lastly, we recommend moderation in quantity. The first opera once,—the full organ in the church, when empty,—seldom warlike music, and still more rarely, a concert. These are important moments in the young and impressible existence, and must be of extraordinary occurrence. Moreover, we would petition for the liberty for all children to play freely after their own fashion, on the pianoforte; to invent, and search, and lose themselves as they please, so long as they do not injure the instrument. This *ad libitum* playing is mostly prohibited, particularly if the days of instruction have begun. The child is told to employ itself more usefully, in finger exercises or written compositions. But how shall the individual musical feelings, or the yet feeble inventive imaginings, be fostered and educated to self-power and trustfulness, if the only, and at this age indispensable means of cultivation be withheld? We are delighted to hear of the infant Mozart, who, in the third year of his short life, sought to arrange sounds in musical combination; and at the same time, we forbid the like practice to our own children, or disturb their often burning dreams of harmony with our short-sighted and self-sufficient wordly prudence.

We wish to say another word in these nursery details, concerning speech. It might almost be maintained, that we, in Germany, have more men who write, than speak well; so hollow and uncertain, so feeble and oppressively restrained does our magnificent, copious, and universally appropriate language appear in speech, while its perfections have only attained for it the calumnies of undistinguishing foreigners, and the neglect of our own countrymen, who have mistaken, disfigured, and corrupted it. How seldom do we hear any one among us speak openly and freely from the chest! How rare is the pure, full sound of the vowels, or the clear distinctness of the manifold characteristic varieties of the consonants! When do we hear modulation of the voice in speaking? and rarer still, any attempt of raising or depressing the intonation, without the most abrupt helplessness? Much of this defective condition of our speech is probably owing to the

rarity with us, of public speaking, and other restricting circumstances; but we doubt not that early education, and want of attention in after life, are, at least, equally culpable, in not removing these disadvantages, whose baneful influence indeed does not affect music alone.—*Dr. Marz.*

Adelina Patti in London.

Many of the friends and admirers of our young prima donna, will be glad to see the following extracts from the principal papers of London.

It is delightful to experience a new sensation—more especially in art, in which the highest excellence is the greatest rarity nowadays. Good actors and good singers are so seldom to be found, and disappointments are of such frequent occurrence, that we have long since relinquished our faith in new-comers on the dramatic or operatic stage, even when the trumpet of fame has been sounded loudest and longest in advance. The cry of "Wolf" has lost all its power, and we quietly determine to trust nothing but our own eyes and ears. Such were our feelings when we went to the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday evening to witness the *début* of Mlle. Patti. We had read about the lady in foreign journals, and had written about her no later than last week; but, although all we had read was highly eulogistic, and though we presented her in the most favorable light to the reader—as far as we were enabled to do, not having heard her without compromising ourselves, we were by no means sanguine as to the result. The general audience, of course, who knew nothing whatsoever about Miss Adelina Patti, was apathetic in the extreme, and there was not the least excitement manifested. The theatre, though subsequently full, at first, indeed, was badly attended, and little interest or curiosity was betokened for the *débutante*. A few, however, who learned what had taken place at rehearsal, were anxious and excited, and these were her solitary friends; and so Mlle. Adelina Patti made her first appearance in England with little or no hope or expectation from any feeling previously created in her favor. Never did singer make her *début* in this country with so little known of her antecedents, and with so little stir made about her beforehand. Generally speaking, a new candidate for lyric and dramatic honors, as soon as announced, becomes the topic in musical circles, and affords matter for speculation in clubs and drawing-rooms. A new "first lady" in the operatic world is a great fact, and subscribers prepare their opera-glasses as astronomers their telescopes on the advent of an unexpected comet. Mlle. Patti, however, had not figured in the programme of the season and her name had only appeared four days in advance of her *début*, and without a single remark in the advertisements. Not only was the young lady unheralded by puff of any kind, but the usual, indeed indispensable, statement as to who she was, and where she came from, was omitted altogether. Did the director, assured of success, follow this unprecedented mode of securing a sensation? Or did he fear for the result, and so hold his peace? We think the latter most probable, as the temptation to disclosure involved in the complete conviction of having something great to exhibit would be almost too much for managerial forbearance. Mlle. Adelina Patti, we may therefore conclude, came out without any extraordinary hope on the part of the director—at all events until after rehearsal, when announcement was too late—and with no expectation on the part of the public.

Never was surprise greater, nor result more triumphant, Mlle. Patti was welcomed with the warmth due to her extreme youth and prepossessing appearance; but there was no enthusiasm. The utmost attention, however, was paid to the recitative preceding Amina's address to her companions, and the first hearing was satisfactory. The young artist for a moment or two betrayed nervousness; but she instantly shook off all fear, as if conscious of her strength, and executed a passage *di bravura*, which completely electrified the house. The audience was indeed all ears, and Mlle. Patti's success may be chronicled as a perfect climax, rising from the first scene, and attaining its culminating point in the famous *rondo finale*, "Ah! non giunge." What our opinions of the *débutante* are will be found in our notice of the young lady's performance in its proper place. Meanwhile, we may assert emphatically that Italian Opera has obtained an accession of strength in a certain line which we did not expect to witness in our own time. Mlle. Adelina Patti is a triumphant refutation that art and genius have deserted the operatic stage. Having now obtained the legitimate successor of Bosio, Persiani—we were about to add (and why not?) Jenny Lind—why may we not look for another Pasta, Malibran, Catalani, Rubini, Tam-

burini, Lablache? Why should not the advent of Mlle. Patti fill us with hope for the fortunes of Italian Opera? We may indulge imagination so far. At all events we have experienced a new sensation, and that is something.—*Musical World.*

The *London Times* speaks thus of our young prima donna. We copy the whole article:

A new Amina does not usually excite much curiosity among frequenters of the Opera. There have been since the days of Malibran so many Aminas, and nineteen out of twenty of them commonplace. Even the announcement of a new singer, irrespective of Amina, or Lucia, or Arline, or Maritana, or any other character, Italian or English (not excepting the Traviata herself)—so strong the re-action against preliminary flourish—is now-a-days received with something like indifference. How many Pastas, how many Grisis, how many Jenny Linds ("nightingales," of course), have suddenly come forth and as suddenly vanished, or at best, remained, content to occupy a second, third, or fourth rate position. The musical public has sunk into a sort of lethargic and cynical incredulity, the result of many sanguine hopes raised, and just as many wofully disappointed. At present, we may venture to suggest, the most prudent way to obtain an impartial and indulgent hearing for a new aspirant to lyric honors, is to say nothing in advance. Mr. Gye has adopted this course of action, or inaction, with regard to a very young lady who made her first appearance last night as the heroine of "La Sonnambula," and who, we may add at once, created such a sensation as has not been paralleled for years. It was simply advertised, late last week, that on Tuesday, May 14, Mlle. Adelina Patti would assume the part of Amina, in Bellini's well-known opera. Apart from those who had visited the United States, or those in the habit of perusing the musical notices of American journals, no one had ever heard of Mlle. Adelina Patti; and thus, although the house was brilliantly attended (it being a "subscription night,") there were no symptoms whatever of a more than ordinary degree of expectation. As that diverting necromancer, Gaspardin Frikell, used to declare, there was "no preparation;" certainly there was no "claque"—no disposition to anticipate favor or extort applause. The *débutante* was at first calmly, then more warmly, then enthusiastically judged; and she who, to Europe at any rate, was yesterday without a name, before to-morrow will be a "town-talk."

And now comes the difficult part of our task. "Is Mademoiselle Adelina Patti"—it will naturally be asked—"a phenomenon?" Decidedly yes. "Is she a perfect artist?" Decidedly no. How can a girl of scarcely eighteen summers have reached perfection in an art so difficult? It is simply impossible. We are almost inclined to say that she is something better than perfect; for perfection at her age could be little else than mechanical, and might probably settle down at last into a cold abstraction, or mere commonplace technical correctness. No, Mlle. Patti has the faults incidental to youth and inexperience; but these in no single instance wore the semblance of being ineradicable; on the contrary, they are in a great measure the consequence of an ardent ambition to attain at a jump what can only be attained with years of laborious application. The management of the voice, the gradation of tone, the balance of cadence, the rounding off of phrase, are all occasionally more or less defective; but to compensate for these inevitable drawbacks, there is an abiding charm in every vocal accent, an earnestness in every look, and an intelligence in every movement and gesture that undeniably preclaim an artist "native and to the manner born." And let it be understood that these qualities of charm, of earnestness, and of intelligence are not merely the prepossessing attributes of extreme youth, allied to personal comeliness, but the evident offspring of thought, of talent—we may almost add of genius, but assuredly of natural endowments, both mental and physical, far beyond the average.

Mlle. Patti's first appearance on the stage seemed to take the audience by surprise. So young an Amina, young enough in appearance to be the daughter of her Elvino (Signor Tiberini), an Amina, in short, not yet done growing, had never before been witnessed. The recitative, "Care compagne," however, showed at once that in this particular case youthfulness and depth of feeling might be found both naturally and gracefully united; while long before the termination of the air, "Come per me sereno," with its brilliant cabaletta, "Sovra il sen la man mi posa," a conviction was unanimously entertained by the audience that a singer of genuine feeling, rare gifts and decided originality stood before them. A high soprano voice, equal, fresh and telling in every note of the medium, the upper "E flat," and even "F" at ready command; admirable accentuation of

MARTHA.

53

This image shows a page of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is arranged in eight systems, each consisting of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is written in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation includes various musical elements such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics include piano (p), forte (f), and crescendo (cres.). There are also markings for 'SVA' (Sustained Vibration) and 'cres.' (crescendo). The piece appears to be a single melodic line with a piano accompaniment. The notation is clear and legible, with a focus on the melodic line and the harmonic support provided by the piano. The page is numbered '35' in the top right corner.

Allegretto non troppo.

p *cres.* *f*

cres.

rit. *a tempo.* *ff* *p*

cres.

cres. *f* *p*

The musical score consists of seven systems, each with a piano (left) and violin (right) staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and slurs. Dynamics and articulation markings are used throughout: *cres.* (crescendo), *f* (forte), *sf* (sforzando), *p* (piano), *staccato.*, *f p*, *p*, *cres.*, and *marcato.*. There are also markings for octave transposition: *8va* and *8va~*. The piece concludes with a final chord in the piano staff.

MARTHA.

8

Molto animato.

f

cresc.

ff

Violin part: The first system begins with a measure rest followed by a series of eighth notes. The second system continues with eighth notes and a crescendo marking. The third system features a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a final cadence.

Piano part: The first system consists of a series of chords. The second system continues with chords and a crescendo marking. The third system features a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The fourth system concludes with a final cadence.

No. 9. DUETT.

Allegro.

f

Recitativo.

p

f

p

p

Andantino.

p

pp

dolce.

Violin part: The first system is marked Allegro and begins with a fortissimo (f) dynamic. The second system is marked Recitativo and begins with a piano (p) dynamic, followed by fortissimo (f) and piano (p) markings. The third system is marked Andantino and begins with a piano (p) dynamic, followed by pianissimo (pp) and dolce markings.

Piano part: The first system is marked Allegro and begins with a fortissimo (f) dynamic. The second system is marked Recitativo and begins with a piano (p) dynamic, followed by fortissimo (f) and piano (p) markings. The third system is marked Andantino and begins with a piano (p) dynamic, followed by pianissimo (pp) and dolce markings.

the words, considerable flexibility, dashing and effective use of "bravura," expression warm, energetic and varied, while never exaggerated, and last, not least, an intonation scarcely ever at fault—such were the valuable qualities that revealed themselves in turn during the execution of Amina's well known apostrophe to her companions on the auspicious day that is to unite her to Elvino, and which raised the house to positive enthusiasm. A thing that must have astonished every one was the thorough ease and "aplomb" (an excellent term) with which so young a stranger confronted so formidable an assembly, in the midst of difficulties that at times are apt to unsettle the oldest and most practised stage singers. Too much self composure, it might be urged, for one of Mlle. Patti's years, were it not that the ingenious confidence of youth, when unchecked by the susceptibility of a nervous temperament, often makes it unapprehensive of danger and careless of results. At any rate, Mlle. Adelina Patti's first essay was a veritable triumph, and her ultimate success thus placed beyond a doubt. When the applause at the end of "Come per me sereno" had subsided, there was a general buzz of satisfaction. The consciousness of a new sensation having been unexpectedly experienced, seemed universal among the audience, who in grateful recognition might have addressed the new songstress in the language with which the village chorus apostrophize Aulina:

Vivi felice! e questo
Il comun voto, o Adelina!

The history of Mlle. Patti's first appearance is told in the foregoing. The descent of the curtain was the signal for loud and long continued plaudits. For the third time Mlle. Patti was led forward by Signor Tiberini; and then, in obedience to a general summons, she came on alone to receive fresh honors. To conclude, if Mlle. Patti will rightly estimate the enthusiasm caused by her first appearance before the most generous (although, perhaps, the most jaded) of operatic publics, and—not regarding herself as faultless—study her art with increased assiduity, a bright future is in store for her. If, on the other hand—but we would rather not contemplate the opposite contingency.

There never perhaps was a lyric part with musical and histrionic traditions so firmly established, or so obsequiously followed. It is really enterprising in such a case to attempt anything novel; and Madlle. Patti's performance was more than enterprising, and new, for it was at the same time sterlingly good. This praise, be it understood, applies specially to her singing. All, or nearly all, the cadences, variations, and embellishments introduced by Mlle. Patti were original. The particular grace and fancy by which they were honorably distinguished were her's alone; and thus in a musical sense, the *debutante's* Amina was a creation. To say that Madlle. Patti must prove a valuable acquisition were recognise too coldly the merits quite *hors deligne* of this gifted young lady. It should rather be predicated of her that she will presently become a very "bright particular star" that all musical London will do homage to. Mlle. Patti's success with the public was immense; and that rarest of all enjoyments, a "new sensation" of pleasure, was, we are quite sure, drawn forth by her fresh and delightful vocalisation.—*Post*.

A new star—a star of the very first magnitude—has suddenly and unexpectedly appeared on our musical stargazers. This star is a young girl, Adelina Patti—a name till now unknown in this country—who appeared last night in the *Sonnambula*, and achieved a triumph such as we have never seen surpassed during our not very brief theatrical experience. Her powers of execution are something astounding. The compass of her voice seems to have no limits; she disports herself in those regions of the scale which all other singers that we have ever heard can reach only for a few notes with a great and painful effort. In the invention of original and varied passages her imagination seems exhaustless, and she executes them with the ease and certainty of a Joachim or a Vieuxtemps on his violin. Mozart's celebrated airs of the Queen of Night, in the *Zauberflöte*, seem intended to tax to the utmost all the powers of the female voice; but these airs, in respect to difficulty, are mere children's play compared to the achievements of Madlle. Patti in the air we are speaking of, and still more in the famous "Ah, non giunge," the finale of the opera. Were these things merely feats of execution—*tours de force* and nothing more, we should not attach any great value to them. But, with this young singer, execution is only the means to an end—that end being the expression of feeling and passion. Of every variety of expression, too, Madlle. Patti is mistress. The few simple notes, breathed by the sleeping girl as she unconsciously

suffers the withered flowers to drop from her hands, were as heart-touching as when they were uttered by Lind herself—more they could not be.—*News*.

The American journals have asserted that Mlle. Adelina Patti is the legitimate successor of Sontag and Bosio, and have prophesied that her claim would be acknowledged directly she was heard in London or Paris.

The American writers were correct both in their assertion and their prophesy. The success of Mlle. last night was enormous, unparalleled, indeed, since the first appearance of Jenny Lind. Nor was success ever more legitimate, ever more free from prejudicial anticipations from party, from *claque*, from preparation. On Friday last the name of Mlle. Patti appeared in the advertisements of the day, unheralded by puff or special comment. No doubt hundreds asked, "Who is Adelina Patti?" and few could answer them. To-morrow the name of the young artist will be wafted abroad on the four winds of Heaven, and her reputation will be universal. Then the cry will be, "A new phenomenon of song has at last appeared, and she is called Adelina Patti."

We cannot enter into a minute description of Mlle. Patti's qualifications at this hour. It will be enough to say, at present, that her voice is a pure soprano, of wonderful extent in the upper register, reaching, with positive ease, to *F altissimo*. It is clear, powerful, sonorous, bright, and firm as a rock; not a single *vibrato* being evidenced last night, even when tremulousness might naturally be expected. Moreover, her voice is invariably correct in the intonation—one of those fresh voices, indeed, which cannot sing out of tune. Mlle. Patti's facility is immense. She sings the most difficult passages without an effort, runs the chromatic scale with the perfectness of a player on a tuned instrument, and has an incomparable shake. She indulged in several *tours de force* last night and created a *furor*, and astonished beyond measure the best judges of singing, in the house. If we were inclined to be hyper-critical, we might assert that Mademoiselle Patti was not invariably perfect when she attempted these astonishing flights of fancy, but we cannot stoop to find a fault in what was really so dazzling and so enchanting on the whole. We must say, indeed, that no other artist since Malibran has afforded us the same delight, and filled us with the same astonishment in Amina, and we believe that every unprejudiced person will say the same thing. As an actress, Mlle. Patti is intense rather than demonstrative. She is always earnest, and her attitudes and motions are invariably natural, and sometimes irresistibly beautiful. There is not much display in her acting, but when occasion calls it forth she shows herself possessed of great impulse and great power, as exemplified in the bedroom scene, and in the *rondo finale*. At present we shall say no more than that every auditor in the theatre was enchanted beyond measure, and that the young artist has already made herself famous.—*Chronicle*.

At the Italian Opera the plaudits come from the amphitheatre (*vulgo*, the gallery). The fashionable style of applause of Sir Fopplin Flutter in the orchestra stalls, and Lord Fitz Hanaper in the private box, is to tap two gloved fingers gently upon a gloved palm. To the singers the more generous and inspiring encouragement of the amphitheatre audience is so invaluable that it would answer the purpose of lessee and artistes, nay even of De Boots himself, to let them in without payment in return for the exertion they are good enough to undergo in clapping their hands violently together, shouting "bravo" and "encore." The more *distingue* audience down stairs, if left wholly to themselves, would, I fear, paralyse the singers, and envelope the entertainment as in a wet blanket. But on Wednesday night Mlle. Patti fairly broke the ice of fashionable coldness and reserve. Gloves of the whitest kid, in pit and orchestra stalls, came together with explosions that would have done honor to the gallery of the Victoria or the pit of the Surry. Old gentlemen became red in the face with clapping and shouting. A low and involuntary murmur of "bravo" ran round during the passages justly held sacred against interruption. And finally, when in "Ah non giunge," that brilliant and uncontrollable burst of joy, the *debutante* carolled and trilled, and heaped up intricacies and difficulties for the express purpose of showing how easily she could surmount them, you might have thought yourself in La Scala of Milan, or the San Carlo, at Naples, with their impressionable audiences, rather than among cold reserved Englishmen. The music of "Sonnambula," so seldom heard in these days of Prophètes and Huguenots, seemed like the music of one's boyhood, beautiful in its elegant sensibility and pure flow of melody,

but having no more in common with the grand and difficult orchestral combinations of Meyerbeer than the barley sugar and currant wine of early days with the claret and olives of the epicure.—*Manchester Express and Guardian*.

The judgement of European connoisseurs will, we feel satisfied, endorse the favorable opinions of her Transatlantic critics. Her voice is a high soprano, extensive in compass, and exquisitely pure and sweet in quality. Its perfect freshness is one of its most charming features, and her upper notes are deliciously round, and at the same time of bird-like brilliancy. Her remarkable natural powers of florid vocalisation have been cultivated with striking success. Nothing could well surpass the graceful fluency, the delicate precision, and the faultless intonation which characterise her delivery of elaborate passages, which are given, too, without the slightest appearance of effort. Equally worthy of praise is the tenderness and pathos with which she gives more subdued phrases—singing them in a clear, even, and thoroughly natural style, with no tinge of that affected tremulousness which some vocalists have recourse to as a substitute for genuine feeling. In her case, an organ rich in natural resources has been trained in the best school, and her eminent vocal abilities are allied to equally remarkable dramatic powers. Viewed merely as an histrionic impersonation, the character of Amina has never been, within our recollection, more admirably played than it was by Mlle. Patti last evening.—*Star*.

Musical Correspondence.

WEIMAR.—We are permitted to make the following interesting extracts from a letter by a young lady from this city who is pursuing her musical studies at Weimar:

"I have been to a court concert a few days ago. It was given in the palace to the guests of the Duke, and in the gallery around the hall were places where people could go by paying. Liszt directed it, and it was a very fine concert. A full orchestra, a violin, piano, and flute solo. A young lady played the piano but I did not like her. The Court people were all in full dress. Some of the gentlemen's dress coats were covered with orders. One old General was completely covered, from his neck down to his waist. The orders were set in precious stones, diamonds, emeralds and rubies, and looked very brilliant. The ladies were all handsomely dressed. I could hardly realize that I was not at the theatre, and that all these people were not parading back and forth through the hall for my amusement, as long as I had paid to go in. After all, there is very little difference between real kings and queens and those in a play. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Last week there was an artist's festival, in honor of the birthday of Franz Schubert. It commenced with a concert. Afterwards there was a supper and at the end a ball. At the concert, Liszt played. He has not played in public before for ten years. When he sat down at the piano, there was a perfect storm of applause, which lasted five minutes or more. He bowed and bowed, but the people would not stop applauding. He plays wonderfully. There is a certain charm about his playing, which distinguishes it from that of any one else. Other people may play the piece just as perfectly. Bendel, for example, plays just as astonishingly as Liszt, but Liszt inspires his hearers just as a fine orator does. You get quite carried along with him, and he is complete master of his audience. When the music is animated you are exhilarated, when it is plaintive you feel like weeping. The music has complete mastery over you, and it is not the music either, but the playing of it, which is so effective. It is the result of his genius. Any one else might play the piece and seemingly play just as well and it would not have anything like the same effect on an audience. No player ever affected me so much. And it is so with every one who hears him. In Leipzig and other places there is a great prejudice against his compositions, and they are not

brought out at all. One of these people was at this concert, a thorough hater of Liszt and his music. When he had finished playing, this man turned to a friend with him, and said, 'I declare, that man must be a devil! When I hear him play I have no longer a mind of my own. I feel willing to accept all his musical eccentricities, and am completely under his influence while I listen to him.' This is the secret of Liszt's immense fame and great personal influence. He almost magnetizes people with his playing. No artist will ever again create the enthusiasm which he has created, and would still, if he were to play in public. He devotes almost all his time to composition."

SPRINGFIELD, Ms., JUNE 6, 1861.—At last we have had a concert after a dearth lasting I can hardly say how long. Mills, Hinkley, and Taunt (I place them according to their degrees of excellence) visited us last Tuesday evening and drew a fine house. As you and most of our readers have heard these artists, any extended criticism from me is unnecessary; so I will only give you some of the impressions they made a Springfield audience.

Almost every one was pleased with Mr. Mills, who did himself much credit, though laboring under many disadvantages and perhaps not in the best humor in consequence. He had only a square piano—a Steinway, and a poor one at that—which to increase his troubles, was miserably out of tune. Still, he showed himself a pianist of no ordinary ability and his listeners left with a desire to hear him again under more favorable circumstances. Some would have been better suited with his selections, if he had treated us to something more solid than fantasies. As it was, the one by himself on "Le Pardon de Pörcemel," seemed in many respects superior to the others.

From the glowing reports concerning Miss Hinkley, some of them emanating from high sources, we had a right to expect some really fine singing from her, but I believe the general feeling of the audience was that of disappointment; and I cannot help thinking that, for some reason (indifference perhaps), she failed to do herself justice. She has certainly a flexible voice—her lower tones being by far the best—but it is not "in perfect command" and by no means always "in excellent tune," as was remarked in one of the dailies. She made some downright failures, that at the close of the rondo from "Don Pasquale" being one of the most apparent. She endeavored just at the finale to reach a note somewhere in the upper regions, found she couldn't do it in tune, and gave it up. A like failure in Boston by any singer however beautiful and popular would have been hissed. But she was not hissed here and because we were not rapturous "Miss Hinkley thinks she was not well received in Springfield!" Very likely she would have been more successful in opera.

Miss Hinkley's programme was made up of selections from different operas and the usual number of national airs. Of the former the polacca from "I Puritani" was sung very nicely and justly merited the encore it received. We had among the latter, the Star Spangled Banner, the rendering of which was said by the papers to be incomparable, but it was open to criticism, especially in the matter of enunciation. It will be a happy day for music when our public singers learn that a simple melody "unadorned is adorned the most" and that the stereotyped embellishments of the Italian opera are in such instances wholly misapplied. Some old master (who was it?) on being told of the remarkable execution of a young singer inquired, "can she sing plain notes?"

On the whole, we rarely hear a singer who varies as much from quite good to quite poor as did Miss Hinkley on Tuesday evening. It was evident more than once that she can in time become a good singer, but at present she attempts more than she accomplishes.

A word concerning the balladist, Mr. Taunt has a pleasant but not remarkable voice and is praiseworthy in singing what he can sing—Irish ballads. In his last song, however, he was occasionally the trifle of half a tone flat—something, I need not say, which might have been remedied or at least made less apparent by the accompanist, Mr. Mills. R.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 1.—Messrs. Wolfsohn and Thomas gave the last of their series of Concerts to a larger audience than their most sanguine friends could have expected. In spite of hard times, "war and rumors of war," the Foyer of the Academy was uncomfortably filled, and that too on a sultry evening. I give you the programme:

PART I.
Sonata appassionata (F minor, Op. 57).....Beethoven
a Allegro assai. b Andante con moto.
c Allegro ma non troppo e Presto.
Carl Wolfsohn.

PART II.
1. "Le trille du Diable".....Tartini
Theodore Thomas.
2. Rakoczy March.....Liszt
Carl Wolfsohn.
3. Andante con moto (from D minor Quartett). Schubert
Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler, Schmitz
4. Grand Duo concertante "Les Huguenots".....
Wolfsohn and Hopkinson
Carl Wolfsohn and Theodore Thomas.

PART III.
Quintett (D major).....Mozart
a Larghetto e Allegro. b Andante. c Minuetto.
d Finale. Allegro.
Messrs. Thomas, Kammerer, Hassler, Muller, Schmitz.

I was unable to reach the Academy before the beginning of Part II. Tartini's strange "Trille du Diable" (as manipulated by Vieuxtemps) was played with the usual correctness of Thomas. I can say but little else of this performance. There is one melancholy air, affording scope for the display of taste and feeling, while all the other parts remind one more of the Etudes of Kreutzer than of aught else. Divested of the interest lent it by its age and the Tartini legend, it is truly an ungrateful solo both to performer and listener.

The best features of the soirée were undoubtedly, the Andante from Schubert's D minor Quartett and the Mozart Quartett in D major. Both of these were played in a style that left nothing to be desired. There was not a feature in the performance of either to mar the pleasure inseparable from good music well rendered. The Andante by Schubert seemed a new treasure to Philadelphia amateurs. The charming melodic figures and pleasant surprises in modulations of the author are ever new. In an earlier soirée Messrs. W. and T. introduced his E flat Trio. Though it is not very clear to the uninitiated, at first hearing, it was very favorably received.

And here let me say that Thomas' Quartette playing is infinitely more acceptable than his Solo playing. His neatness of execution and "cold passion," to me, seem more appropriate in those concerted pieces in which the violin, though sustaining the leading part, should not be too prominent.

If the Rakoczy March, by Liszt, is a fair specimen of music of the future, it were a decided blessing to have that future deferred as long as possible. If it were not that Mr. Wolfsohn played it, I should have believed its execution physically impossible. As it was, I could not help thinking that if he had played some other *morceau* he might have given his audience more music out of one fourth the labor and one tenth the noise.

In the Duo from the Huguenots, the strings of Mr. Thomas' violin were much affected by the temperature of the room. In spite of this, his double stops were remarkably pure though the variation went somewhat unevenly. An inconvenience to the audience (and probably to Mr. Thomas) was the undue prominence given to the piano part by the loud playing of Mr. Wolfsohn.

I contemplate a trip to the west and may send you musical notes from Cincinnati and St. Louis, if I find anything worth noting there. CHANTERELLE.

WORCESTER, MASS., JUNE 11.—Miss Hinkley assisted by Mr. Mills, pianist, and Mr. Taunt, balladist, gave a concert at Washburn Hall, last evening which was one of the most brilliant ever heard in Worcester. We went to hear the performers rather than the music, knowing that the music was to be mainly Italian and operatic, and so it is with them that we have to do. Miss Hinkley, whose unaffected vivacity is really exhilarating, was in excellent voice, and charmed all by her correct and spirited singing. Mr. Mills' piano playing was enthusiastically received. His execution is wonderfully correct and brilliant, and his style has a certain grandeur which we should have been glad to have heard tested in some really great music. Mr. Taunt's ballads were tastefully sung.

A fine historical painting is now on exhibition at Misses Robinson and Gardner's Academy of Fine Arts—Schwartz's "Pilgrim Fathers holding their First Public Worship in America." The picture is doubtless familiar to you and many of your readers, as it has been on exhibition in some of the large cities. It is a masterly production.

The following is spicy, and something more than an *on dit*. The organist of a certain church which is not far remote from this good Heart of the Commonwealth, not long ago, being in a commendably "classical" mood, "played the congregation out" with a fine rendering of a Bach fugue. The performance was deeply enjoyed by—two or three, who lingered to hear, but the majority of the congregation were—*shocked!* Ay, that's the word! Our hero, coming from the organ loft, and from his communion with the great tone-poet, was met by the singing committee.

"'Tis but a step," &c.

One member was particularly indignant and gave vent to his wrath in a lecture, thus winding up his remarks: "Mind you, Sir, we won't have any more of your *d— infernal jigs!*" S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 15, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha." Piano Solo.

Cheve's System.

Many correspondents have asked for more information in regard to this system of instruction now in vogue in Paris, of which our correspondent "AMATEUR" gave us some hints recently. In default of anything further from him, (from whom we hope to hear), we obtain some light from M. SCUDO, who in the second volume of the *Année Musicale*, devotes considerable space to a synopsis of the controversy between M. Chev , the apostle of this new principle of musical instruction, and certain famous musicians in Paris. The subject matter of the controversy, he says, is so well defined by the authors of the pamphlet under notice, that he reproduces a part of it verbatim, from which we quote.

"M. le docteur Chev ," they say, "is the author of an elementary system of vocal music, which has for its basis, notation in figures. At various times, committees that have been consulted upon the value of the doctrines of M. Chev , have decided that they saw no reason to approve his system of instruction, and official decisions have confirmed the opinions of these committees." Some of the authors of the pamphlet, it appears, have served upon the committee of 1850 which pronounced a similar verdict. Chev , they say, has replied to these opinions, by various publications, of which they give the titles, in which as we are told, he claims to have utterly crushed his adversaries, who say that no one professing any self-respect, could reply to such accusations as he makes against them. Profiting by their silence under these

circumstances, they say that Chev   proclaims that they have been "overthrown, crushed and confounded," so that they feel compelled to discuss the claims of his system and the "principles of his pretended discovery in the matter of musical instruction."

"All the efforts of this method tend," we are informed, "to the substitution of a system of figures for the usual notation. In the very first page of his book, M. Chev   lays down the principle that "musical writing is bad, essentially defective and absurd." He develops this proposition, exalts the merits of figures, and adds, "we substitute instantaneously (*momentanement*) figures for the black points which we write instantaneously upon the five lines of the musical staff." Thus the master makes his disciples understand that he is going to teach them *instantaneously*, what is perfect and excellent, and put an end to what is bad and absurd."

Chev  , they say, treats the notation that is universally known and practiced, as "absurd, full of monstrosities, of imbecile complications, bad logic and frightful conjuring."

This old system, then, the authors of the pamphlet proceed to defend, as a system of notation which for 800 years has proved to be sufficient, and is now equally known and read in every part of the civilized world; which has shown itself to be adapted to the wants of all ages and all nations; has been used by all the great men of genius and is alike accessible to the intelligence of all. The Orpheonists, the Conservatoire, Neidermeyer's school, even infant schools—all read and all understand it. It is the same everywhere, in all countries and all schools. They ask, in conclusion whether "this universal adoption, this general and voluntary submission to rules which no one has imposed, and which every one recognises is not a certain, evident, and indisputable proof of the excellence of this system?"

They then put into the mouth of Chev   an address to his pupils which Scudo says contains his principal ideas, of which the upshot is, that "We will return to the notation of the first ages; only, instead of saying with Pope Gregory, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, we will say 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, as did J. J. Rousseau and before him P  re Souhaitty and many others before them. I know they did not succeed. I know that Rousseau disavowed his attempts after he had studied music. Rousseau, however, was a blunderer, I am more skillful than he."

The authors of the pamphlet proceed to say that "it is evident that M. Chev   could not have actually used this language. If he had, he probably would have found few adherents. So he simply says, "I am the apostle of a new idea." This is much better as it suppresses discussion, facts, and the history of the art. The impression too is happy, mysterious; and has the odor of martyrdom about it, so that M. Chev   is pictured as delivered over to the wild beasts of the committees."

M. Scudo concludes by saying that the writers of the pamphlet (which is signed by Auber, Hal  vy, Clapisson, Ambroise Thomas and others), do not give due credit to the zeal and evidently sincere convictions of the skillful professor whose system of instruction they attack. "M. Chev  ," he says, "is a man of talent, a generous soul who believes himself to be in possession of a system of instruction better than the existing one, and who consecrates to the propagation of his method courage and faculties by no means common. Refute his system, if you believe it dangerous, but you have no right to doubt the sincerity of the master. Success cannot but be attained before the public as before the Academy by manoeuvres and false convictions."

M. Scudo is willing to go even further than these writers in their conclusions that these principles of Chev   "would chain up Art within limits that have long ago been passed, and would leave in the minds of those who should be tempted to adopt them no-

tions entirely inexact and altogether contrary to the general practice, that is to say, to reality." Scudo adds, that "even if all France could learn to read music by its means in twenty-four hours, the advantage would not compensate for the perturbation which this system, of barbarous simplicity, would introduce into the usual notation, which is the only universal language existing in the world."

M. Chev   replies to his assailants in a similar pamphlet, of which Scudo also gives an impartial synopsis and to which we may return at some future time. Another reply was also made by a committee of the patrons of his system; among them being the Count de Morny, Prince Poniatowski, Felicien David, Lefebvre-Wely, Offenbach and others, equally well known to fame as the authors of the original pamphlet. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—At the adjourned annual meeting of the above Society, held at Chickering's Hall, on the 4th inst., the following list of officers was chosen:

President, Dr. J. Baxter Upham.
Vice President, Oren J. Faxon.
Secretary, Loring B. Barnes.
Treasurer, Matthew S. Parker.
Librarian, George H. Chickering.
Trustees, George W. Hunnewell, Thomas D. Morris, Theophilus Stover, Ephraim Wildes, George W. Palmer, James Rice, William Hawes, H. Farnam Smith.

A vote of thanks was passed to the retiring President, Col. Thomas E. Chickering, who responded very happily to the vote, pledging his influence on all occasions for the interests of the Society.

Votes of thanks were passed to the other retiring officers; to the lady associates; and to the Messrs. Chickering, for the use of their hall the past season; after which, some amendments to the by-laws were freely discussed, and referred to a committee for consideration.

The election of Dr. Upham appears to give very general satisfaction, not only among the members, but to the friends of the Society: and the known ability and indomitable perseverance of the newly elected President, in carrying forward to a successful issue, any enterprise which he undertakes, warrant the belief that a prosperous future is in store for the old Handel and Haydn Society; though little can be expected at present from this, or any other organization for musical purposes.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. The Treasurer's Report showed the total receipts, including uncollected dues, during the year, to be \$10,106.98; expenditures, \$7,298.92. The old Board of Directors was re-elected, as follows: J. Baxter Upham, E. D. Brigham, Eben Dale, George Derby, J. M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, J. P. Putnam. It was announced that the new organ now being built for the Association in would be ready to be shipped in a month, and the time of shipping it will be left discretionary with the Directors.

New Publications.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. Parts 31, 32.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY. Part 26.

These well illustrated books continue to appear with regularity. The text of the Natural History is interesting and instructive, the illustrations being remarkably correct and spirited in design, as well as admirably executed.

L'ANN   MUSICALE, &c., par P. SCUDO. Deuxi  me ann  e. Paris, 1861.

We have received from F. Leupoldt, 1323 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, the above entitled volume of which an elaborate notice was recently given in this Journal. It makes a valuable addition to the library of every musician, as no one can read the in-

telligent and candid criticisms of Scudo without pleasure and profit.

An American Company of strolling singers, called the Alleghenians, gave in December last, in the Island of Hewey, one of Cook's Archipelago, a grand concert, which was attended by the King of the Island, Makea. More than 2,000 tickets were sold, and the receipts were 78 pigs, 98 turkeys, 116 fowls, 16,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pine-apples, 418 bushels bananas, 600 pumpkins, and 2,700 oranges. It required a day and a half to embark all these articles. The concert consisted of a vocal quatuor, and of several *morceaux* executed by means of bells of different sizes—from the dimensions of a bucket to those of a tumbler. The savages who composed the auditory listened open-mouthed, and remained motionless from admiration when the march from *Norna* was performed. At the end of the sitting, one of principal personages present rose and gravely complimented the performers by saying:—"We shall never forget you!"

There has been some talk of another Orpheonist expedition to London for another Orpheonist festival, but it has been put off, wisely, perhaps, seeing how badly the first was managed. Instead, there is to be a festival of the Choral Societies of France, at the Palais d'Industrie, at the end of September.

GIVING GYE A LIFT.—Describing the *debut* last week of Mlle. Patti, whose performance seemed to promise us a second Jenny Lind, one of the critics made a remark that she "raised the house *en masse* to a high pitch of excitement." On reading this, the *Viscount*, who chanced to be just then in one of his facetious moods, observed to his friend Bernal, "Raised the house, did she? Why, really, she must be quite a hoister Patti!"—*Punch*.

Music Abroad.

Paris.

At the Grand Opera, after incessant groans of parturition, we have been at last presented with David's *Herculanum*. It did not take so long to disinter the buried city itself. On the first night of the revival all the *dilettante* world was assembled. The principal parts were filled by Mad. Gueymard-Lauters, M. Obin, and Mad. Fortunata de Franco (*nee* Tedesco). The last played the part of Olympia, originally assigned to Mad. Borghi-Mamo, and acquitted herself with complete success. Mad. Gueymard-Lauters was applauded to the echo in Lilia, and called before the curtain at the end of the second act. Owing to this lady's indisposition, the work of Felicien David was not repeated again till Monday last. *Der Freisch  tz* is to be the next revival, and it is already in hand.

The Italian Opera closed its doors for the season, on the 1st of May, and the troupe is now dispersed over every land, as at the fall of another Babel. Tenors, sopranos, barytones, basses, contraltos, birds of many a tuneful passage, have taken wing in all directions, like frightened wild fowl. Zucchini is to Bologna gone—his own, his native land—the realm of sausage and of song; Mad. Penco and Signor Graziani have crossed the British Channel in search of the golden fleece which Albion ever yields to foreign adventure. Signor Mario has quitted Paris for London, and so has Mad. Grisi. Not so Signor Badiali, who goes I know not where. The theatrical sheet, *l'Entr'acte*, publishes the financial and statistical reckoning of the past season, which is summed up as follows:—The total number of performances was 121, the highest number hitherto reached. Of these Rossini had for his share 21; Verdi, for his, 49; Bellini came off with 11; Donizetti with 5; and 5, too, was Flotow's share; Mozart's 8, and Cimarosa's a like number. The number of operas performed was 19. The total receipt from the 121 performances was 809,819fr. 95c., giving an average nightly receipt of 6,692fr. 72c.

The Op  ra Comique holds out, in expectancy, a new work, the joint product of M. Rosier and M. Limnander, in which the principal part will be allotted to M. Montaubry. M. Bataille is to make his reappearance in *La Fee aux Roses*, an opera by Hal  vy. Mad. Viardot had a benefit at the Th   tre Lyrique last night, the attractions being of the most remarkable description. The fragments, namely, of the second, third and fourth acts of *Alceste*, which created so great a sensation at the last concert of the *Conservatoire*; following these the third act of *Otello*, sung by Duprez and Mad. Viardot; the first act of *Maria Stuarda*, with Mad. Ristori next; then a new opera comique—first time—called *Le Buisson Vert*, by M.

Michel Carré as to words, and M. Gastinel as to music, M. Jules Petit, prizeman for singing and opéra comique this year at the Conservatoire, playing the principal rôle; the whole concluding with *Les Rendez-vous Bourgeois*.

BERLIN.—Mad. Lagriva has been giving a series of "starring" performances, which were excellently attended. This lady is a great favorite with the Berliners, and will, no doubt, soon pay them another visit. Her engagement was a real success, though, I am sorry to say, she was, on one occasion, prevented from appearing by sudden indisposition. She was announced to sing in Norma, but Mlle. Luca took her part at a very short notice, and acquitted herself, under the circumstances, most creditably. She possesses intelligence and dramatic talent, but is over-weighted in the character of the Druid-priestess, for which her voice wants the requisite volume and power, and her acting the necessary dignity. Any impartial individual would have been at once convinced of this by her rendering of the first recitative, which struck me as singularly deficient in that grandeur and elevation with which we have been accustomed to hear it given. She sang the "Casta Diva," however, very pleasingly, and merited the applause bestowed on her. Adalgisa found an agreeable representative in Mlle. Fliess, who, although a novice, displays great ability, and will ere long, I am inclined to believe, prove a valuable acquisition to the operatic stage. Herr Fricke was an excellent Oroveso.

"Business" is exceedingly good just now at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, the attraction being Mad. Janner Krall, who is engaged for a limited number of nights. She has been playing in Dittersdorf's burlesque Opera of *Die rote Kappe*, which has been revived expressly for her, and in which she lately created a great sensation at Dresden and Breslau. She is one of the best bravura singers in Germany, while, for playful archness, there are very few actresses who can equal her.

Every one imagined, some weeks since, that the regular concert season was at an end, and jaded musical critics fancied they had, for a time, escaped from close rooms to revel in *al fresco* Garten-Concerts, at the various semi rural coffeehouses in the neighborhood of Berlin. But, alas! how often are we doomed to experience the truth of the old proverb, "Der Mensch denkt, Gott lenkt," or, as the French have it, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose." Winter seems to have set in again with its accustomed rigor, and the hail and cold have effectually put an end, for a time at least, to all outdoor amusements, which spring up here with the daisies and flourish with the flowers. The result is that the covering have been again removed from the benches in our concert-rooms, the gas is relighted, and a new course of indoor concerts inaugurated. This week, for instance, a concert was given for a charitable purpose by Herr Radecke. The principal novelty was a duet-sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, by Herr Rud. Radecke, brother of the concert giver, which was very well played by Herr Radecke and Dr. Bruns. The concert was brought to a close by Schumann's Pianoforte-Quartet, Op. 47, admirably executed by Herren Radecke, Grünwald, Kahle and Bruns.—Another very good concert was the fourth and last given by the Frauverein for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph Fund, at which a new sonata in G major, by Taubert, for pianoforte and violoncello, was performed for the first time, by the composer and Herr Stahlknecht. No less interesting was the execution of Beethoven's so-called "Horn Sonata," Op. 17, by Herr Taubert and Herr Schunke. Mad. Jachmann-Wagner sang, among other pieces, the beautiful alto air from *Elijah*; and the Royal Domchor gave Meyerbeer's *Brautgeite* in first-rate style. I cannot conclude this short summary of our doings in the concert line, without mentioning a concert given by Herr Friedrich Kiel, assisted by Herren Stahlknecht and De Alna, at which four very pleasing compositions of his own were performed, and met with unanimous approbation.

Herr Richard Wagner has gone to Carlsruhe for the purpose of being presented at Court. It is reported that his opera of *Tristan und Isolde*, dedicated, as you are aware, to the Grand-Duchess Louisa, is shortly to be produced there under his own superintendence.

London.

HERR DALLE ASTE, a bass singer of great continental repute, and pupil of the lamented Staudigl, has arrived in London. For some time past the foreign papers have spoken in high terms of his merits as a singer and the beauty of his voice. In Paris, Vienna, Dresden, and lately in Holland, Herr Dalle Aste has, it appears, created great effect in *Don Giovanni*, *Fidelio*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Eurypathe*.

Signor Dalle Aste, it may be remembered, produced a highly favorable impression in London some years since.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S BEETHOVEN RECITALS at the St. James's Hall are likely to prove one of the most interesting features of the musical season, as it is proposed to give in a series of eight concerts, the sonatas of the great master in the order in which they are written. A very striking instance of the advanced taste in such matters is to be found in the knowledge and appreciation of the "tone-poet," who towers above his compeers, and who for originality, largeness of conception and power of expression stands almost alone. But a very few years since the later works of Beethoven were to the public almost a dead letter, while even by the majority of professors they were but imperfectly appreciated. True, his symphonies were periodically heard at the Philharmonic or other high-priced concerts, but the quartets, sonatas and chamber compositions in which he was so prolific, were all but virtually ignored. To the inauguration of the new state of things, we need go no farther back than 1859, when the Monday Popular Concerts first began the mission of introducing to the "musical masses," works all more or less new to this generation. We have so frequently dwelt upon the merits of these entertainments, that we need say no more here than to express our opinion that they have been the means of preparing the way and educating the taste for the reception of the recitals in question, and had this experiment been attempted some half dozen years since, we believe it would have then been as complete a failure as it appears now likely to be an entire success. The presentation of these sonatas in regular succession, appears to us in the same light as the arrangement of the pictures at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857, the chronological order being strictly observed, and the spectator thereby enabled to judge of the progress of art in infinitely less time, and with much greater certainty than by devoting years to travel and viewing scattered examples at different times and places. Thus in the four sonatas which were given on Friday the 17th, Op. 2, F minor No. 1, A major No. 2, C major No. 3, and E flat Op. 7, we have the influence of Mozart exhibited over the mind of the composer, although there is still more than ample evidence of the perfect independence and self-reliance which hereafter manifests itself in so remarkable a degree in what are known as the second and third periods of his career. It requires a pianist of no ordinary calibre to attack the difficulties involved in some of the best known sonatas, and even with the aid of a book is no small tax upon the physical and intellectual powers of the player, but when executed from memory alone, the undertaking almost approaches the line of hazardous, and it says no little for Mr. Charles Halle's qualifications, that all the four sonatas in question were given without the music. If he follows the example in the remaining concerts, as an effort of mnemonics alone, it will be something marvellous. Two songs, Dussek's "Name the glad day, dear," and Macfarren's "Ah, why do we love?" both sung with the unaffected simplicity of manner which is so characteristic of that rapidly rising artist, Miss Banks, agreeably relieved both pianist and audience.—Mr. Harold Thomas was the accompanist.

ANTWERP.—Nicolai's opera, *Der Templer*, translated by Dangias, has been successfully produced. Nicolai composed this work, under the title of *Il Templario*, in Rome, before he composed the *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*. It is quite Italian in style, and full of pleasing melodies.

A SECOND PAGANINI.—A Leipzig correspondent, writing to the *Athenæum*, speaks in very high praise of a M. Lotto, a very young, but very fine, violinist, of the French school. The universal verdict is, that since Paganini no such "wonderful" player has been heard. We learn from the same source that a selection of forty of Sebastian Bach's songs, ten for each voice, taken from his various oratorios, cantatas, motets, &c., has been published by Whistling, of Leipzig. The selection has been arranged by Robt. Franz, who has arranged the accompaniments for the piano. M. Lotto is a pupil of M. Massart, one of the most respected professors in the Paris Conservatoire.

A BARBEROUS COMPLIMENT.—A popular hair-dresser, who is also a *fanatico per la musica*, and a devoted admirer of the composer of *Il Trovatore*, has just invented a new pomade, which, by way of compliment to the great musical maestro, he has styled "Verdi grease." We have little doubt that, like the hundreds of popular airs of Signor Verdi, this brilliant emanation of genius, *à la perruque*, will soon be in everybody's head.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

Special Notices.

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A new gem from the German. Kucken is the most popular modern German Song writer. His Songs are translated into all the principal languages. His Melodies sound in the School and in the Parlor, on the street and in Concerts. This Song is in his best style, and ranks with "Good night, farewell" in point of compass and difficulty.

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Fine spirited music, with no lack of striking melodies. The Quadrille calls to mind some of Strauss' strains, whose compositions every dancer delights in. It is, of course, capital for dancing. Figures are added.

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An excellent arrangement of medium difficulty.

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1. Prima Donna Waltz, Jullien.
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4. Do they miss me at home; Thou art gone from my gaze.
5. When the swallows homeward fly.
6. Gentle Nettle Moore; Cheer, Boys, Cheer.
7. Syracuse Polka.
8. Anvil Chorus.
9. Serenade, by Schubert.
10. Coquette Polka.
11. Gipsy Polka.
12. National Schottische.
13. Sontag Polka.
14. Fest March.
15. Wait for the wagon; Jordan Quickstep.
16. Wedding March.
17. Elfin Waltz, Labitzky.
18. Evening Star Waltz, Lanner.
19. Shells of Ocean, and Silver Lake Waltz.
20. 'Tis the last rose of Summer; Home, sweet Home.
21. Roy's Wife of Aldivelloch; My lodging is on the cold ground; Annie Laurie.
22. Washington's March; Our Flag is there.
23. Hail Columbia; Star Spangled Banner.
24. God save the king; Yankee Doodle.
25. Silvery Shower.
26. Prison Song.
27. Love-not Quickstep.
28. Ever of thee.
29. Medley—Dearest Spot and Darling Nelly Gray.
30. Departed Days, Serenade.
31. O, Summer Night, Don Pasquale.
32. Marcellus Hymn.
33. La Norma March.
34. Wrecker's Daughter Quickstep.
35. Wood-up Quickstep.
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